

GRAND OLD PARTY.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY OF THE FUTURE.

The Only One That Can Manage the Nation's Finances—International Arbitration—Free Wool an Important Factor in the Ruin of Cotton.

The Only National Party.

Talking about politics the other day a Virginia Democrat had this to say, among other things: "I am a Democrat, but I hope that we shall have a Republican president and congress two years hence. We business men have to admit that the Republican party is the only one that can manage the finances of the country successfully. That explains why so many of us want to see your party restored to power. Democracy has made a signal failure of financial administration."

Yet he added: "I cannot be a Republican until the nigger question is settled." This is a striking example of prejudice eclipsing principle, of a distorted and morbid phantasm driving men against their honest convictions. But this statement of the Southern Democrat is none the less significant of the weakness of Democracy. It shows that nothing but prejudice holds the party together. The Southern section is ready to fall to pieces as soon as "the nigger question" is settled. Events are rapidly working out the solution of that problem by infusing into the campaigns in Southern states issues which divide the whites on local affairs and also divide the colored vote. "The nigger question" did not cut much of a figure in the North Carolina election last November, says the Cincinnati Times-Star. It did not visibly enter into West Virginia politics. In Tennessee it was largely eliminated, and to a less extent in Alabama and Louisiana. There seems good reason for believing that another year, or two will so far diminish the importance of this local issue, as compared with the necessity, recognized by this Virginia Democrat, for restoring the Republican party to power in national affairs, that the "solid South" broken in several places last year, will dissolve, most of the states becoming Republican on the platform of protection and sound finance, making the triumphant Republican party the only real national party in America.

International Arbitration.

The subject of international arbitration is the one that may well engage the attention of European powers, but America has nothing to gain by becoming a party to the proposed agreement. The principle of arbitration for the settlement of international disputes was inaugurated by the United States, and there is no question that future disputes not involving long settled policies would be adjusted in the same way. With European affairs American governments have nothing to do.

The United States in particular has ever held aloof from complications of all sorts involving the interests of the countries of the old world. It has long since given notice to the world that it will suffer no encroachments by the nations of the old world on this side. This policy has become a feature of American independence that is held dear by all our people. To retreat from the position at this time would be an injustice to liberty loving people who hold no claim whatever upon the fatherlands, principalities or powers beyond the seas. We simply ask to be let alone in the enjoyment of our rights and privileges within the boundaries of our own land.

The United States has nothing whatever to gain by becoming involved in a binding agreement to a joint protectorate of the old world. So far as affairs of this side are concerned it would be but a submission of American interests to the control of the European countries. The present administration at Washington has shown itself to be sufficiently un-American to give encouragement to the scheme brought to our shores with a parliamentary indorsement, but the people will have something to say before it will be possible to commit the country to it.

It is not a political question, nor is it likely to be made the subject of partisan contest. We can bid the powers mainly concerned in the proposition God speed in the success of their efforts at home, but further than that Americans should not go.—Kansas City Journal.

Another Whirl in 1896.

"I go to find Bissell, with whom I shall go to drink the health of the newly married." So wrote Grover Cleveland to William Sumner Wyse. That was when Mr. Cleveland was sheriff of Erie county and Bissell was one of his saloon cronies. Now Mr. Cleveland is president, Mr. Bissell is in his cabinet and Mr. Wyse is in the divorce court. The whirl of time keeps a whirling.—New York Advertiser.

To Be Followed by Vigorous Voting. Scores of people who approve the president's plan of saddling an enormous bonded indebtedness upon the country in time of peace are sending him telegrams and letters. The millions who do not approve of it are sending no messages, but they are doing a large amount of vigorous thinking.

It Still Lives.

It is no small satisfaction to learn on the authority of the American consul at Cardiff, Wales, that the tin plate industry in the United States, warned into life by the McKinley tariff, still lives and bids fair to flourish. This information is all the more agreeable for the reason that, from

the passage of the tariff of 1890 down to the campaign of 1892, the tin plate manufacturer never ceased to declare that the industry never had existed in the country, did not then exist in a commercial sense, and never could exist.

Wool, Cotton, and Sugar.

A conviction that the removal of the wool tariff and of the bounty on sugar has been potent factors in producing the ruinous decline in the price of cotton has grown quite strong among reflecting men in the South. Before the flood of cheap foreign wool was turned loose by the passage of the Wilson bill, a vast amount of cotton was manufactured into underclothing, and found ready sale among the working people. A large amount of it was also made into a cheap grade of working garments, either alone or mixed with cheap wool. Now these garments are being made to a great extent of cheap wool alone, and the cotton is not wanted. This has a serious effect on the great agricultural industry of the South, and the Southerners who thought they were getting a fine little revenge on the North by taking off the protection on wool are now paying dearly for their fun. The sugar bounty had begun to stimulate the raising of cane on land previously devoted to cotton, and the overproduction of the latter was thereby greatly checked. The repeal of the bounty caused the land to revert to cotton raising, and the consequence is an increase in the crop of the latter amounting to more than a million bales. Thus the two features of the Wilson law cut off a tremendous demand for cotton, and at the same time greatly increased the product. It may be alleged that there is a compensation for this in giving the poor people of the North woolen garments instead of cotton ones. But when the quality of the wool and the garments that are made of it is considered there is nothing gained. Good cotton garments are better than the miserable trash made from the cheap wool, being fully as warm and a great deal more durable, and the working people who buy and wear the latter will gain nothing by the change.—Detroit Tribune.

John L. Stevens.

Now that ex-minister to Hawaii John L. Stevens is dead let it be remembered to his everlasting credit that he never hauled down the stars and stripes or gave an order to any one to perform that act. And let it also be remembered in justice to him and to his posterity that the hauling down of our flag at Honolulu excited his contempt and anger, and that he placed himself on record to that effect. In future years, when Hawaii is a part of the United States, and the inhabitants thereof are slowly but surely learning the arts and customs of civilization, Mr. Stevens' efforts to bring about that result will be remembered with more gratitude than is felt for them in these cuckoo times. Peace to his patriotic ashes.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Another Tariff Lesson.

There are about 18,000,000 dozen of eggs handled in the United States. A tax of three cents a dozen is levied on those imported from Canada. The freight from that dominion to New York is \$60 a car, while from the West it runs to about \$130. Canada will keep on selling us eggs.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

No Democrats to Read Out.

The Washington Post reads Mr. McKinley out of the list of presidential possibilities, and the Philadelphia Times does the same service for Mr. Reed. If some mugwump or Democratic organ will now oust Mr. Harrison the labors of the next Republican convention will be much simplified.

Refusing to Be Saved.

Senator Peffer, of course, feels sorry for the government, but as long as it prefers to flounder desperately and hopelessly, instead of coming to the fountainhead of financial wisdom for relief, he is forced to the conviction that it deserves its fate.—Kansas City Journal.

Or a Texas Ranch.

It has been suggested that every man should keep a small-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends, but it would be necessary to buy an old-time plantation before that could be done with the Fifty-third congress.

A Remarkable Coincidence.

The story that the California climate agrees with Mrs. Lease is capable of two constructions. It may mean that the climate is willing to do anything to avoid trouble, or it may mean simply a remarkable coincidence.

When Tom Reed Carries It.

Referring to his own smooth-pated portraits ex-speaker Reed says: "It is impossible to get any expression into a bald head." It is easy to get striking expressions out of it, though, when Tom Reed happens to be carrying it.

Mr. Hill's Great Secret.

Senator Hill says he thoroughly despises men who seek political prominence without purpose to do something for the public good. Senator Hill's good purpose is unfortunately still a profound secret.

Too Much Clover.

The proposition to increase the term of the president to eight years is inopportune. That is more clover than anybody would care for at this time.

One of the curiosities of the Stink ing-water canyon, Wyoming, is the alum water cave. The cave appears to be an extinct geyser, and is about fifteen feet across and easily accessible. The alum is along the sides and about six feet in thickness.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

INTERESTING STORIES FOR YOUNG AMERICA.

A Familiar Talk About the Gruesome Horned Owl—Daisy's Spelling Lesson—Mose Will Read His Title Clear—The Purring Cat.

Who-Who!

I heard a bird singing the other night. It introduced itself as "Who-who! who-who!" That was the whole burden of its song as it sat there on the summit of a tall pine tree.

The moonlight was very brilliant, as it always is in Florida, and the outline of the great bird stood out sharply against the sky. It did not look at all like "the little cherub that sits up aloft." In truth, its aspect was the direct opposite, for two horn-like spurs stood up over its head, and a distinct tail hung down below the branch on which it sat. Without doubt, these significant looking horns, feathers though they be, have as much to do as its gruesome cry with the dread in which many people hold the great-horned Virginia owl. I have never met any one yet who enjoys that uncanny "Who-who! who-who!" in the middle of the night.

Not long ago two carpenters, who were new to the sights and sounds of our Florida wilderness, became involved in a quarrel with some of the old settlers. The former slept in a little log cabin in the woods, and that night they were roused from their slumbers by an appalling sound, a deep, hollow voice calling "who-who! who-who!"

It was close by, and the next moment the signal, as the carpenters believed it to be, was answered from the other side. Then they felt sure that their enemies had come to attack them. Seizing their guns they clambered out one of the side windows and crept softly away into a clump of palmettos. They were badly demoralized. Again came that blood-curdling cry, again its answer, and then two of the big horned owls flew over their heads and the "who-who! who-who!" died away in the distance.

The men looked at each other, had a hearty laugh and went back to bed. The joke was too good to keep to themselves, so one day they told it.

Another man had a comical experience in this line, not long afterwards. He had been to town and imbibed rather more liquid refreshments than was good for him. Consequently he lost his way in the dark. He was sober enough, however, to begin to shout, hoping that some one would hear and answer him.

"I'm lost! I'm lost!" he shouted; and presently came an answering call:

"Who-who? who-who?"
"I'm lost! I'm lost!"
"Who-who? who-who?"
"What's matter who? It's me, Tom Smith, and I'm lost."

"It's me, Tom Smith, I tell you!" interrupted the irate wanderer. "Can't you tell a feller the road without askin' his name? Say, what yer doin' up in that tree, anyhow? Come down out o' there, 'stead o' sittin' up there sassin' folks!"

For by this time he had traced the answering voice to a tree by the roadside, and when a neighbor who had been enjoying the fun, revealed himself, the angry man was treating the supercilious owl that sat up aloft with some very energetic language. Even the Indians, fierce and savage and heedless of danger as they are, have a wholesome fear of the great horned owl. They dread that weird "who-who! who-who!" even knowing whence it comes. They call its source the "Death owl." Let an Indian hear its hollow, resounding call, and at once he whistles to it, or, if not in sight, towards the direction whence the sound proceeds. Then he listens in intense, breathless eagerness. If the owl repeats the cry the savage goes on his way rejoicing. But if there be no answer to his whistle the Indian bows his head in resignation, and moves slowly away in the full belief that he has heard his summons to a speedy death.

No one who has heard that melancholy cry coming out of the stillness of a dark night is likely to forget it. Many a time in the by-gone days of Indian warfare has a sudden call to arms in the dead of night been drawn forth by the startling cry of "who-who! who-who!" But you must not suppose that this is all the great horned owl is capable of in this line. It has other nocturnal solos and one of these is an excellent imitation of the half-suffocating screams of a person who is being throttled. I heard not long ago of two newcomers here in Florida who bravely rushed out into the darkness, rifle in hand, to rescue a supposed victim from a murderous assault. They found no one, of course, and were further mystified by hearing the same distressed cries proceeding from the air above them. Looking up, they traced the shadowy outline of a large horned owl sitting on the peak of their house.

Their dog had rushed out with them, and presently the owl ruffled up its feathers, drooped its wings and barked angrily, as clear and true a bark as that which the astonished dog sent back in return. This barking is an accomplishment that the owl delights in, especially in winter nights or when it sees a dog, toward which animal it shows a decided antipathy.

The great horned owl has a healthy appetite of its own, and disdains nothing, whether "fish, flesh or fowl"; squirrels, ducks, rabbits, rats, mice, weasels, chickens—all are eagerly captured and devoured.

But it has one favorite tidbit, over and above all others—it dearly loves the wild turkey. That bird, however,

is a wise one, like unto the owl itself, and is always on the alert. The owl has small chance to capture it except by seeking out its roosting place and then pouncing on it suddenly from above, before it has time to awaken. But even so the owl does not always come off the victor in this little game. The wild turkey is a light sleeper, and is not often caught napping. Roused by the rushing wings of its swooping foe it often outwits the owl in a comical way. Down goes its head, up goes its tail; the latter spreading flat over its back like a shield.

The owl alights with swift impetus on the stiff, slippery tail-feathers, and takes a regular toboggan slide down the sharply inclined back of its intended victim, shooting off into the air. Before it has time to turn or recover from its amazement at this queer turn of affairs, the turkey is off, hiding safely in the underbrush, and, as we can well imagine, indulging in a hearty laugh over its crest-fallen foe.—Philadelphia Times.

Mose Will Read His Title Clear. There is a promising candidate for future greatness down in Broome street. Little Mose Meyer had felt for some time that the duty of providing for the family rested upon himself. A few days ago he chanced to see a man put the sign "Boy Wanted" in front of his store. Mose immediately walked in and applied for the position. The groceryman looked critically at the wizened-faced little chap in seedy clothes and barked out: "Humph! You won't do; you're too small." Mose reflected that Kosher diet was getting "mighty scarce" at their house and remembered that he had an older brother, who would just about suit. But there were dozens of boys who would swarm in, and the place would be filled before he could go home and bring back his brother. This catastrophe must be averted at all hazards.

As he left the store he quickly hid the sign behind some barrels and "spud" home. In a few minutes he came back, breathless, but triumphant, dragging his brother Solomon. No objection was made to the size of the latter, and he was engaged at \$3 a week. The first task given him was to "take down the sign," which made little Mose smile. He also smiles broadly, time and again, as he feasts on goose and onion, and thinks how he won the victory for the Meyer family.—New York Herald.

Daisy's Spelling Lesson.

Our dimpled darlin' Daisy,
Up on mamma's knee,
One winter's eve was sittin',
Cute as a cat could be.

A book, a first year speller,
Lying in her lap,
Engaged her thoughts completely,
Made her bright eyes snap.

"Now, I've dot my lesson,"
Daisy cried at last,
While a smile of triumph
O'er her fair face passed.

"Well, darlin', mamma queried,
"How do you spell cow?"
"C—e—w," said Daisy then,
"I dess I don't know how."

So mamma, with her fingers,
Tried to form an o,
But still the dear sweet speller
Said she didn't know.

"When mamma spanks you, Daisy,
Spanks you 'cross her knee,
What do you say?" asked papa,
"What comes after c?"

She surely, papa thought,
Letter o will think
And pinched her chubby cheeks,
Pearly white and pink.

But, blushing, thus she answered,
Runnin' round the couch,
"When I's spanked, why, papa,
Dea I hollers ouh!"

—Albert O. Hannan

A Faithful Dog.

A dear dog I once had the pleasure of knowing belonged to my daughter, then a child about 13 years old. It had been her constant companion and playmate for years. Unfortunately the poor creature fell ill, and my daughter attended to him with most assiduous care for twelve days, but there seemed no signs of improvement. One day I followed her on one of her visits and could not help noticing how his eyes brightened and his tail wagged with pleasure at seeing her, but he was apparently too weak to rise.

My little girl was very downcast at seeing him thus, and whistling and snapping her fingers to him—the usual signal for a game of romps—the faithful creature made an effort, got up, and raced with her as far as the stables, a distance of about 300 yards, where he fell down dead at her feet. To please her he had done all he could, and had died in the effort!—The Animals' Friend.

An Indignant Little Boy.

A little boy had just been put into a suit of which he was very proud. One day his sister was trying to amuse him by playing at keeping a photographic shop. The little boy came in and said he wanted his picture taken. "What sort would you like?" she asked. "I think I should like carte de visites," he replied. "What will you pay now?" "I will pay it all," he answered. "Would you like them posted, sir?" she asked, giving him the receipt for the money. "Yes," he replied. "What is your address, sir?" she asked. "It is not a dress, it's trousers," he indignantly replied.

The Purring Cat.

I should be curious to know if the purring of a cat has ever been more prettily or more quaintly described than by a little four-year-old friend of mine, who one day said of a pet cat which was giving vent to his feline satisfaction: "Oh, listen! he's got a bee in his heart."

The Dogwood Tree.

"I can always tell a dogwood tree when I walk in Central park," said Jack. "For can't you plainly see you can tell it by its bark?" —Harper's Young People.

A Vegetable Manure. Wisconsin Agriculturist: Here is a formula for a manure that has been successfully used by a New Jersey gardener for vegetables: One thousand pounds cottonseed meal or bonemeal, both costing about \$30 a ton; 500 pounds bonelack, costing \$25 a ton, and 500 pounds of muriate of potash, costing \$42 to \$45 a ton. This makes one ton of first-class manure, costing about \$30. This gardener says in American Gardening: "I have had better results from this formula than from \$40 special manures from the manufacturer. I used the above formula on two acres of sweet potatoes last season, making a fine crop of about sixty barrels to the acre. I put 1,300 pounds of the \$30 fertilizer on each acre, costing about \$18 an acre."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that can not be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 9th day of December, A. D. 1895.

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Milliner—I hope you will find that hat perfectly satisfactory.

Miss de Fashion—Yes, indeed. Several persons left the theatre on account of it last night.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE GREAT GERMAN COFFEE BERRY.

Coffee at one cent a pound, that is what it costs to grow it, good coffee, too. Some say that it is better than Rio. This we know, while in Europe last summer in search of seed novelties we often drank this in hotels in France, Holland and Germany.

Thirty-five packages earliest vegetable seeds, \$1.00, not 3 cents per package. Largest growers of farm seeds as oats, grass and clover, corn and potatoes, etc., in the world. Early heavy yielding vegetables our specialty.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It with 15c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed company, LaCrosse, Wis., you will get free a package of their German Coffee Berry seed and their catalogue. wnu

Plagiarism. "Well, some people have a gall," said Pro Bono Publico.

"What is the trouble?" asked Veritas. "Here is somebody writing to the papers over my signature."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Cool's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

No man does his best who works only for pay.

A fool never learns anything from a mistake.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALLIE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 30, '94.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that a man would better be seventy years young than forty years old.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Is warranted to cure corns and bunions. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The cheerful giver is always the one who gives much.

Makes Pure Blood

These three words tell the whole story of the wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. When the blood is impure it is fertile soil for all kinds of disease germs, and such troubles as scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, catarrh, grip, and typhoid fever are likely to appear.

Weak nerves indicate as surely as any physical symptom shows anything that the organs and tissues of the body are not satisfied with their nourishment. They draw their sustenance from the blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or insufficient, they are in a state of revolt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Purifies the blood and thus cures these diseases by removing their cause. No other preparation has ever accomplished the remarkable cures which have followed the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

To purify and vitalize the blood, and thus supply the nourishment which is needed. Those who keep their blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla have no trouble with weak nerves. Therefore take Hood's now.

Hood's Pills

easy to buy, easy to take, easy to use.

See that

Lump?

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Sold everywhere. Made only by the P. Lorillard Company. The oldest tobacco manufacturers in America, and the largest in the world.

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\$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST

FIT FOR A KING.

\$5. CORDOVAN

FRENCH & ENAMELED CALF.

\$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.

\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.

\$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S.

EXTRA FINE.

\$2.15 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.

LADIES.

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SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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Over One Million People wear the

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THE PERFECTION OF

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A Delicious Remedy

For all Forms of

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CAUTION—See that the name

Beeman is on each wrapper.

Each tablet contains one

grain pure pepsin. If the



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